Two Wisconsin Pioneers

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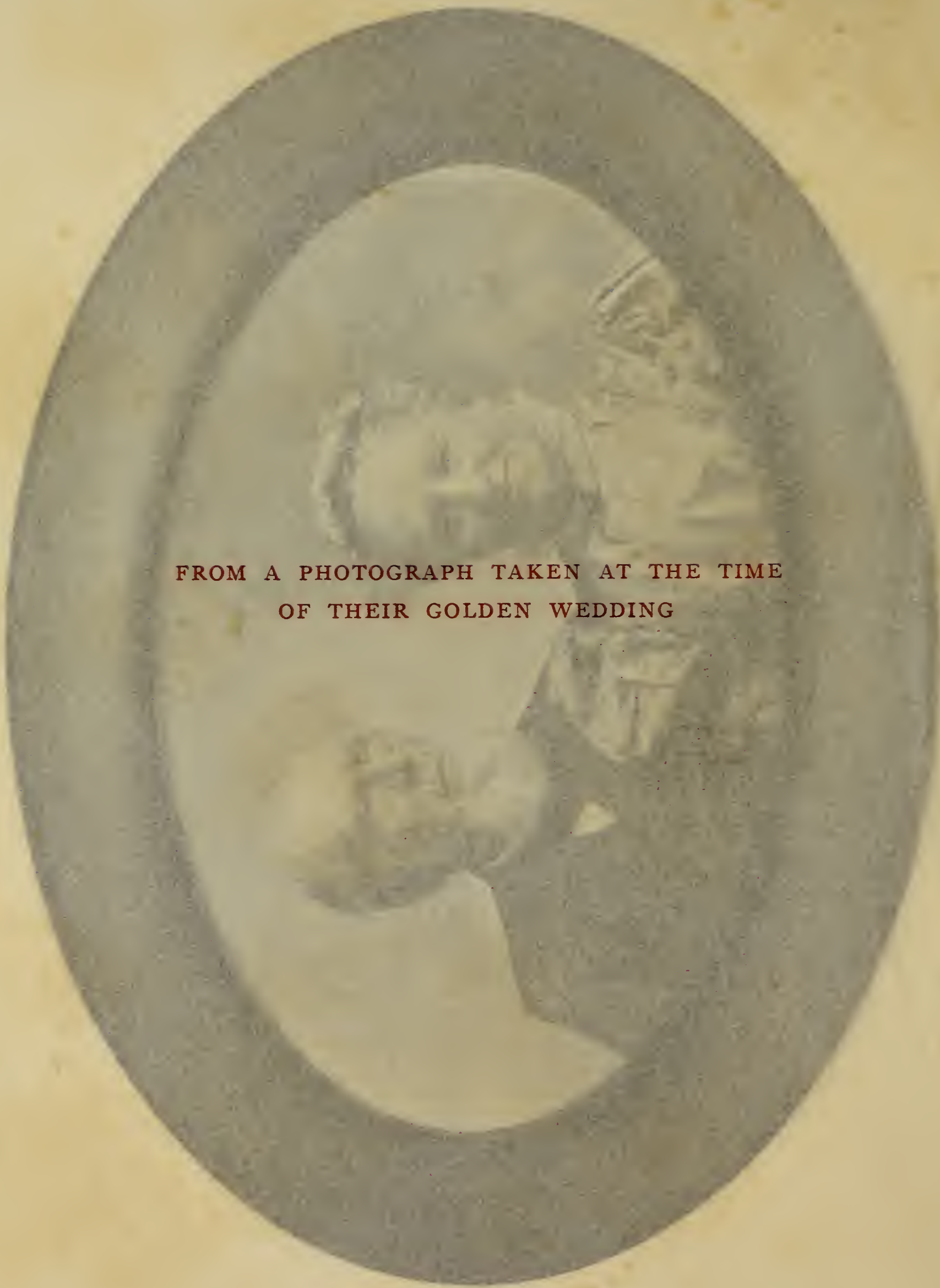
Sketches in Remembrance

SAMUEL WITT EATON
CATHARINE DEMAREST EATON

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN AT THE TIME
OF THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING

EDWARD DWIGHT EATON
President Emeritus of Beloit College

PRIVATELY PRINTED
1933



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FOREWORD

IT HAS for some time been in my mind to write a brief sketch of our father and mother. Deeply as their beautiful lives are inwrought into our memories, it is still true that to our children they must tend to slip into the dim, rich backgrounds of experience, where details are blurred; and our children's children never saw their faces or heard their voices. For the sake of these and of those who may come after them I would like to record some details and impressions of lives so full of nobility and charm. And where such lives have been spent so unreservedly in Christian pioneering, it is not unfitting that something of their story should be preserved for the region which they loved to serve, and for those in any part of our country who may be interested in pioneer days and ways.

E. D. E.

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SKETCHES IN REMEMBRANCE

I

SAMUEL W. EATON was born on Christmas Day, 1820. His father, Eben Eaton, was of sturdy Puritan stock, a descendant of Jonas Eaton,[1] who came over from England about 1640, and settled in South Reading, now Wakefield, Massachusetts, where as the town records show he was a man of some substance and civic influence. Our branch of the family removed, in the person of his grandson Jonas, to Framingham. Here my father was born on his father's farm some three miles north of the village. His mother, Sally Chadwick Spofford, was descended from a family of historic lineage in England. She was one of the early students of Bradford Academy, Massachusetts, where one of her friends was Ann Haseltine, who became the wife of Dr. Adoniram Judson, one of the earliest and most eminent of American missionaries to foreign lands.

In giving to her first-born the name of Samuel, there is no doubt in my mind that my grandmother had definitely in her thought the Hebrew mother who gave her son that name and dedicated him to the service of the Lord. As I remember my grandmother she was a woman of gentle and gracious

personality, profoundly religious, and deeply interested in Christian work at home and abroad.

Her husband was a man of high principles and tireless energy; doing all his work, whether tilling his farm or rearing and educating his large family or serving his church or fulfilling his duties as a citizen, heartily as unto the Lord. When he was approaching ninety years of age, he remarked to me, with a reminiscent smile, "I began doing a full man's work when I was eleven years old, and I have been doing it ever since." At about ninety-two he entered his yoke of oxen for the plowing match at the Middlesex County fair, driving them himself, and carried off the first prize. A prominent lawyer in Washington, D. C., spoke to me recently of having witnessed in his boyhood this feat of my grandfather's, adding "but Deacon Eaton was always winning the prizes!" His mental and spiritual growth was no doubt greatly enriched by his wife's quiet influence. For over forty years, and until his death at ninety-three, he was a deacon of the Congregational Church, growing in honor as he grew in years.

II

The son was a quiet and thoughtful lad, taking a boy's responsibilities seriously, coöperating manfully in the busy life of home and farm. An old

blacksmith of South Sudbury, to whose forge farm boys brought the horses to be shod, said to my brother Lewis in his student days, "Your father was the best boy I ever knew." He was received into church membership when but eleven years of age, an unusual procedure in those times, indicating the impression of maturity of character he must have made upon the church authorities.

His studious disposition was probably inherited directly from his mother, and was also traceable in the father's line. His father's brother William was a clergyman, a graduate of Williams College in the class of 1810, and their sisters were teachers and writers; one of them married Rev. Joseph Emerson of Beverly, an early proponent of the education of women. The boy used to see his grandfather Ebenezer Eaton, a venerable survivor of the battles of Concord and of Bunker Hill (where it is said he helped carry off the field the mortally wounded General Warren), sitting silently for hours, absorbed in reading. The grandfather's father, Benjamin Eaton, had fought in the French and Indian War, and with his son was a minuteman at Concord.

Completing his preparation for college at Leicester Academy, Samuel entered Yale and graduated in the class of 1842 as one of its honor men among the commencement speakers. Among

his classmates, special friends were James Hadley, afterward the noted professor of Greek at Yale and father of President Hadley, and the accomplished John Addison Porter, who became professor of chemistry in the Sheffield Scientific School.

From college he passed to Union Theological Seminary in New York, and a year later to the Divinity School of Yale, where Dr. Nathaniel W. Taylor was the popular and progressive teacher of theology. After graduation here he spent a year in graduate study at Andover Seminary, Massachusetts, where Moses Stuart and B. B. Edwards had established a brilliant reputation for biblical scholarship, and Edwards A. Park had begun his long and notable career. The country afforded no finer training for the ministry than this young man had received, nurtured in a deeply religious home, with the practical experience of farm life in eastern Massachusetts, and then sharing the intellectual and spiritual associations and stimulus of Yale, New York and Andover.

III

After preliminary experience of preaching among the Berkshire hills, and a call to a Massachusetts pastorate, in the spring of 1846 the youthful easterner set his face westward, quietly resolved to give his life to helping develop Christian institu-

tions in what was then the great West, the rapidly opening Mississippi Valley.

He went westward by way of the Great Lakes, then a highway of western travel, and landed in Chicago, a raw young city of some twenty thousand population, built almost on stilts to keep it out of the bottomless mud. He preached on Sunday for Rev. Dr. Robert W. Patterson in the Second Presbyterian Church, and moved on by "Frink and Walker" coach across northern Illinois to Galena, a picturesque frontier metropolis in those days, where a Yale man, Aratus Kent, was the energetic minister of the Presbyterian church. Young Eaton had in his pocket a commission from the American Home Missionary Society of New York for work in Pike County, Illinois. But that ague-smitten region did not seem to him to have promise of future leadership in American life; the years since then have amply justified his forecast. What he heard of the "lead region" of southwestern Wisconsin attracted him to it. Taking matters into his own hands with characteristic quiet decision, he chose for himself his field of work in Grant County, Wisconsin, and became pastor at Lancaster of the young church then holding its services in a log schoolhouse.

An immigration from the East of a high order, composed largely of New Englanders and of New

Yorkers who were the children of New Englanders, was rapidly settling the beautiful territory of Wisconsin. The Black Hawk War, the attempt in 1832 of an ill-fated Indian leader to retain for his people the picturesque and fertile Rock River valley of southern Wisconsin and northern Illinois, had drawn to the scene of conflict a large number of reporters from eastern journals, who sent back glowing descriptions of the beauty of the region. When peace was restored the tide of immigration rose; the population of Wisconsin, which was somewhat over thirty thousand in 1840, increased nearly tenfold by 1850. No other American commonwealth had in that decade a percentage of growth equal to that of Wisconsin.

Grant County, of almost the exact area of the State of Rhode Island, has rich soil, fine climate and a beautifully diversified landscape, its rolling prairies interspersed with forests of oak and hickory, and with clear streams often flowing through picturesque valleys with ledges of limestone rock. The Blue Mound and the Platte Mounds are hills commanding wide views. The lead mines of this region had early drawn to it hardy miners from England and Wales, and the vigorous immigration from the East was auguring well for the future.

Lancaster was then a village of only a few hun-

dred people, primitive as yet in its external features; but as the county-seat of a large and attractive county it already contained people of education and ability, some of them to be intimate and lifelong friends of the young minister. Foremost among these was Hon. J. Allen Barber, educated at the University of Vermont and in the law office at Burlington of Hon. George P. Marsh, afterward a distinguished author and our minister to Italy. Mr. Barber was a man of keen and far-reaching mind, one of the founders of the Republican Party, later a member of Congress. Deeply interested in education, he was chief founder and supporter of the Lancaster Institute, a classical school modeled after the New England academy. Others were Judge Joseph T. Mills,[2] a Kentuckian of acute intellect and engaging eccentricities, a strong opponent of slavery, who was to have a long and honorable record on the bench; Hon. George W. Ryland, merchant, banker, Lieutenant-Governor of Wisconsin; and benignant George Howe, for many years a deacon of the church. Later came George Clementson, who studied law with Mr. Barber, became his law partner and for years served on the bench as a high-minded and discerning judge.

A remarkably large number of others might be named, both men and women, of intellectual and

social gifts and high character, who at this time or in the years that followed made Lancaster a place of distinction. Among them the pastor and his wife were to be central figures, cherished with devoted friendship and recognized as leaders in the spiritual life of the community and the region for nearly forty years; and after that, though removed from Lancaster, to be held in affectionate fellowship by their Lancaster people through the subsequent nearly twenty years of their life.

There were already in Wisconsin many men of ability in the legal and other professions, including ministers of the finest training and character, with their cultured and devoted wives. Among those whose friendship was to this pastor and his wife a joy and inspiration, special mention may fitly be made of Josiah L. Pickard, at first principal of Platteville Academy, then State Superintendent of Schools, later Superintendent of Schools in Chicago and then President of the University of Iowa, a great educator and a man of great heart; and Rev. John Lewis of Platteville, of a sweetness and spiritual beauty worthy of the apostle whose name he bore. With these and their wives, in every way worthy of them, Mr. and Mrs. Eaton were united through the years in an affection whose depth and tenderness were grounded in the associations of Christian faith and service.

IV

After one year of pioneering in the ministry, Mr. Eaton returned to the East to claim his promised bride. While a student in Yale Divinity School he had, through a college classmate who was teaching in Napanoch, New York, become acquainted with the daughter of Rev. James Demarest, "Dominie" of the Reformed Church and head of a private school in that community, which is picturesquely situated in the valley of the Rondout River near Kingston, in the vicinity of the Catskill mountains.

Dr. Demarest[3] had graduated from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York in 1820. A conviction that he ought to devote himself to the work of the ministry led him to give up his medical practice and he graduated in 1829 from the Theological Seminary of the Dutch Reformed Church at New Brunswick, New Jersey. His wife was Mary Schoonmaker of Flatbush, Long Island.

Catharine Elizabeth Demarest, of Huguenot-Dutch descent, was born November 11, 1824, in New York City and educated in schools in that vicinity. She was one of those rare natures whose coming always brought sunshine and whose presence always diffused happiness and gave a subtle sense of spiritual uplift. Her deep Christian devotion expressed itself spontaneously in manifold min-

istries of love. Her musical gifts and her animated and sympathetic conversation made her a natural center and life of social gatherings. Dominie Demarest's daughter Kate was given in marriage to her young minister, and never was young minister more fortunate, on the twentieth of May, 1847, in the large Reformed Church at Napanoch. We have heard her speak in after years of "black Judy," the family servant, sitting in the front pew during the ceremony, with tears rolling down her face, no doubt visualizing the feeling of the entire community at giving up this gifted and beloved girl to go to such a remote part of the world as the territory of Wisconsin then seemed to them.

A brief springtime visit was made at the old home in Framingham; then came a journey by rail to Buffalo, thence by steamer on the Great Lakes to Milwaukee. Here a Sunday was spent in the home of Rev. A. L. Chapin, who was to be a life-long friend, and the honored first President of Beloit College, then just founded by himself and other men of vision and heroic faith.

On Monday morning began the stagecoach journey by a zigzag route across the southern part of Wisconsin. For the first twenty miles they were jolted on a corduroy road laid in the mud of a dense forest. Thence they emerged upon a prairie brilliant with wild flowers, with here and there an

"oak opening," as little natural parks of oaks without undergrowth were termed. All day they were carried forward and all that night, reaching a village inn at Janesville the next morning, where the travelers threw themselves on the floor for a brief rest. Thence the journey was pursued by less immoderate stretches; that night they rested in Madison, the next in Mineral Point; on Thursday they entered beautiful Grant County, which was to be their home for forty richly fruitful years, and that evening were eagerly welcomed by their parishioners in Lancaster.

It is no wonder that after such a taxing journey by stagecoach the impression made upon the parishioners by their first glimpse of their minister's wife led them to express sympathetic regret that he had brought west a delicate bride who could not long survive the hardships of pioneer life. But with what a gallant spirit she met those hardships, with what buoyant courage she surmounted the difficulties of the way, with what radiant faith she viewed the uncertain future! As the years of wedded life came and went, until they reached well beyond the golden milestone, she was ever the angel of life's pathway, crowned more and more with the love and admiration of those to whom she ministered, those who caught the inspiration of her uplifting spirit and were gladdened by her joy.

A daughter of the East, a lover of the mountains and the seashore, who always greeted them, when revisited, with eager pleasure, she never gave the slightest indication that she pined for them, or that she felt she had made sacrifices in coming to the pioneering West. On the contrary it was beautiful to see how at home her heart was where her life and ministry were, and how Lancaster seemed always to her the dear center of a beautiful world.

V

The first ten years of their united lives were crowded with the activities of parish and home. A tiny "melodeon" with slender folding legs was purchased, which the pastor carried every Sunday to the service, where it was played by his wife. Mrs. J. Allen Barber, gentle and devoted, more sister than friend, tells of seeing him, arriving at a muddy place on the way to church, carry his young wife across and then return for the melodeon.

A small house was built by the young minister for the little family, into which were born four sons during these years. A modest church building was erected, and occupied with gladness by the growing congregation; later this building was somewhat enlarged. During one summer the preva-

lence of cholera brought anxiety and some deaths, although the dread disease was less fatal in Grant County than in many other parts of the West.

Plain living and high thinking were in order in the pioneer times. Candles were the only source of artificial light. Evening meetings were announced to begin "at early candle-lighting." A serious deprivation was the lack of the abundant fresh fruits that were enjoyed in the East. It required years to bring young fruit trees to bearing. In the meantime a principal resource was dried apples brought by freight from the East. The canning of fruits was as yet unknown. There were wild plums and blackberries in the summer and other small fruits were soon raised in gardens. Wild game was abundant, quail and grouse and sometimes deer, and every spring and fall the air was darkened by the migration of thousands of traveling pigeons.

There were no regular vacations in those days; but about once every three years the pastor and his little family made the long journey back to the East for a visit in New York and New England, thus keeping in touch with life in the old home centers.

Toward the close of this period Mr. Eaton struggled against impending breakdown of health, accompanied by an obstinate inflammation of the

eyes; a condition due, no doubt, to the exactions of study and the constant preparation of sermons by one to whom literary composition, though steadily and successfully carried on, was always a somewhat arduous task, especially amid the exactions of pioneer life. He thought that he suffered a slight sunstroke while driving a team for hours in the heat of summer when bringing from the Mississippi River a load of lumber for the building of his house; and that some effects of this remained throughout life.

Finally it seemed necessary to resign the pastorate and seek the recovery of health. A loyal people refused to accept the resignation, although compelled to recognize the wisdom of their pastor's securing an entire change of scene for a time. The house was sold and household goods scattered by auction; and severing with pain the ties that united them closely with the Lancaster friends and others in the state, the little family, with four boys ranging in age from eight years to one, returned to the hospitable farm at Framingham. Room was cordially made for the newcomers; a part of the farmhouse was assigned to them for informal housekeeping, while they shared in many of the varied activities of the home.

Here the father worked back slowly toward normal vigor, as life on the farm wrought its tonic

ministries. Several months were spent by him in Europe, made possible through the generous friendship of his classmate Professor Porter of Yale. Part of this time was passed at the Matlock baths in Derbyshire, England, and the Alps contributed their inspiration. But at the end of a year the Lancaster church had to be told that they must wait no longer for the delayed recovery of health and they reluctantly acceded to the severing of the pastoral relation.

VI

Two more years were required to put health upon a reasonably good foundation. Then after a tryout of strength by a period of supplying the neighboring church at Wayland, thought turned westward again; for the dedication of the life to the West had never been withdrawn. So the family journeyed westward, coming first to the home in Dubuque of one of Mr. Eaton's sisters, whose husband, Dr. Jesse Guernsey, was Superintendent of Home Missions for Iowa. It was thought probable that a pastorate would be entered upon in that rapidly developing state. But the Lancaster people, once their beloved minister and his wife were so near, would hear of nothing but a return to them. So it was decided to come back to the Wisconsin parish, and there was a joyous reuniting

with their old friends in Lancaster near the end of 1859.

The following spring a home was bought, a little domain of forty acres just south of the town, on the main road to Platteville, Galena, and Dubuque. The place sloped gently toward the west. In front stood the story-and-a-half house, flanked by a garden, orchard and grass land; well back of these the barn, beyond this pasture, and wood lot where the two older boys James and Edward chopped down trees for kitchen firewood.

Here was to be the family home for over a quarter of a century, the center of a life of simple dignity and abounding hospitality, where the boys grew up accustomed to wholesome out-of-door tasks, where little grandchildren were later brought for happy visits, where the beauty of growing things in spring and summer, and the broad expanse of snow fields in winter were seen under a wide horizon, and sunrises and emblazoned clouds of sunset and songs of birds made their full appeal to the heart.

Mr. Eaton always kept a horse, and almost invariably arranged that his wife should be carried to and from her appointments in church and parish; in this as in other ways constantly conserving her strength for its many beneficent uses.

VII

Into this peaceful home and parish came, as into all the rest of the land, the troubled echoes of the prolonged struggle with slavery; then in 1861 the sharper sounds of armed conflict between the states, and the Civil War was on. In this war Wisconsin played a conspicuously noble part. Lancaster was a center of patriotic activity, military enlistments and farewells. The church was the scene of parting address to soldiers; then a little later came a military funeral, the body of Colonel McKee, who was killed in action, was brought home and borne to the grave with the sound of muffled drums.

When the war had been waged for about a year there was an unexpected crisis in the home of the pastor. An official letter from the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment, at the front in the Army of the Potomac, brought word that the soldiers of the regiment had been asked to express their choice for a chaplain and they had voted for the Lancaster minister whom many of them knew and honored; an invitation was extended to him by the authorities to accept the chaplaincy of the regiment, which had already won distinction as one of the four regiments constituting the famous Iron Brigade, which General Grant afterwards was to value so highly and praise so unreservedly.

There could be no question as to what answer should be made to this invitation. Friends and parents of the boys at the front were eager to have such ministry for them. "You have a call now, if you never had one in your life before," said Mr. Barber, with characteristic mingling of humor and emotion. The members of the church were sure they ought to spare their pastor for this patriotic service, and not less sure that their minister's wife could keep things going in the church during his absence; and the war might not last more than a few months longer.

So the quiet scenes of pastoral life were exchanged for the vivid experiences of camp and battlefield. Mr. Eaton reached his regiment in the Fifth Army Corps, Army of the Potomac, in the summer of 1862 at the time of the second battle of Bull Run, and he remained in active service for three years, until mustered out after the close of the war in July, 1865. With characteristic quiet devotion he gave himself to his soldiers. He had their spiritual welfare constantly on his heart. He held a religious service every Sunday when it was possible; it was sometimes broken in upon by the order to march or the call to battle. At times he was the only chaplain in the entire brigade and his soldier-parish was in his conscientious activity extended accordingly.

The physical comfort of the "boys" and the interests of their families were not less his concern. When a battle was believed to be impending, he would journey many miles on horseback through no man's land to Washington with the soldiers' money in currency on his person, sometimes in amount as high as ten thousand dollars, to deposit it so that their families might receive it if the boys fell on the battlefield. The hazards of such a journey were of course great. At Gettysburg in his ministrations to the wounded he so exposed himself that his colonel felt constrained to order him off the firing line.

At the end of his first year in the service he had a fortnight's furlough. How crowded the few swift days were in home and church! The Chaplain preached in his own pulpit from the text "Blessed be God who teacheth my hands to war and my fingers to fight," on the spiritual aspects of the great struggle. His bronzed cheeks, his firm voice and resolute eyes suggested something of the discipline he was passing through. A month's furlough, a year later, seemed a delightfully extended period of fellowship to his waiting household and people.

Then came the last tremendous year of the war from the Wilderness to Appomattox, ending with peace in the blossoming springtime of 1865, and

the great review of the victorious armies at Washington, and home again.

When the Seventh Regiment was mustered out of service, Colonel Richardson, its commanding officer, wrote to the Chaplain a letter of appreciation and affection, in which he said that he could not find fitting words to express his indebtedness, and that of every officer and man in his command, to the Chaplain for his unswerving Christian example and devoted ministrations, spiritual and physical, on the battlefield, in the hospital and in camp to the men of the Colonel's command, and affirmed "Your example and influence have done much to shape and maintain the morale of the command and have been to me of untold worth in the discipline of the command." [4]

Through all the years that followed the Chaplain was the object of the enthusiastic affection of his soldiers. Now and again one and another of the boys would come to secure him to marry them. At soldiers' reunions the Chaplain must open the exercises with prayer; and the prayer had usually the response, "Now three cheers for the Chaplain!" To the end of his life he wore on his watch guard his iron Maltese cross, the emblem of the army corps in which his regiment bore so distinguished a part.

VIII

During the years of war time, the Chaplain's wife had a part to play which was at least as heroic as her husband's, and more unique. In addition to mothering four growing boys and ordering the household, the parish was virtually in her charge. It was her constant responsibility to see to it that the parish machinery moved smoothly, that the various church offices functioned, that mid-week meetings were maintained, that regular Sunday services were held. For the latter, when no pulpit supplies were available, as was much of the time the case, she selected sermons to be read and herself requested officers of the church or others to read them. She kept together the choir, for which she was still the player on the instrument. She visited the sick and comforted mourners, weeping with those whose husbands or sons fell during those grim years of war. And all of this was done so tactfully and self-forgettingly, with such wise consultation with others and deference to their judgment, that opposition was never encountered, although inertia had often to be overcome; the meetings of the church were pervaded by an atmosphere of harmony and aspiration and everyone regarded this *quasi*-pastoral authority as the most natural and desirable thing in the world.

Nearly forty years later, Mr. John J. Copp of

Groton, Connecticut, an Amherst graduate who during the period of the war was the much esteemed principal of the Lancaster Institute, wrote that while what was usually stressed in speaking of Mrs. Eaton was her unfailing spirit of loving good will to all and her pervasive spiritual influence, what most deeply impressed him throughout the critical period of the Civil War was the remarkable executive ability shown by her in sustaining and directing the activities of the church, year after year, while her husband was absent with the army, and the whole life of the community was subjected to a strain of war time conditions; in all of which she showed herself the master spirit. That he was, however, by no means insensible to other influences of her personality was evidenced by the verses on the opposite page, which appeared in the Lancaster paper soon after he had ended his teaching there, the authorship of which he acknowledged long afterward.

On learning of her death almost twoscore years later, Mr. Copp wrote to the son James in Mexico: "Nowhere have I heard such lofty interpretation in voice and manner of the spirit and meaning of our church music as your mother gave. I listened enraptured then, and I hear her still. It was she that kept us all and the church together during the absence of the pastor."

TO A LADY IN LANCASTER

In the chambers of memory a sweet voice is sounding,
  I hear its sweet accents wherever I go;
Like the tones of an organ now full and abounding,
  And now, like the harp, it is plaintive and low.

To the small lighted room, where a few "not forsaken"
  Have assembled their earth-fastened spirits to raise,
It carries me back, in memory waking
  The deep consolations of Zion's dear lays.

Above the loud choir, in the great congregation
  I hear it ascending on pinions of song;
So exultant it laudeth the Prince of Salvation
  Enraptured we seem mid the angelic throng.

Again by the grave, with bowed heads uncovered,
  In sympathy's plight we gloomily stand,
Ere the dead by the clods of the hillside be covered,
  While the old leaden thought grasps us all in its hand.

List! a voice breaks the silence, so purely stealing
  As it came through the fathomless depths of the sky,
The wounds of the heart-stricken mourning ones healing
  And telling us all we shall live, though we die.

O woman, that holdest this voice in thy keeping,
  May our Lord for thee many and prosperous years fill;
And when on the hillside thou'rt peacefully sleeping,
  The hymns thou hast sung will be echoing still.

IX

Nearly twenty years had now passed since the young minister had found his pioneer parish in the territory of Wisconsin. They had been years of great changes, of struggle and growth. The territory had become a state with a population of nearly a million people. Slavery had been cast out of the nation by a great convulsion, and a reunited country was prepared for the harmonious expansion of its life. Eagerly welcomed home by his people, Chaplain Eaton entered upon another period of his pastorate among them, which was to be more than twenty years in length, years of quiet and steady development in church[5] and community, years of influence constantly extending among his own people and in his region, and reaching out to national relationships.

Mr. Eaton was now, and was to be through a score of years following the Civil War, the best known and most influential minister in southwestern Wisconsin. Tall, erect, dignified, with high forehead and kindly blue eyes, finely educated, widely honored for distinguished service in the war, though naturally reserved and of an inviolate modesty, always a sympathetic listener and a wise counselor, with highest ideals of personal conduct and influence, a devoted follower of his divine Master to whom the activities of his life

were dedicated, he always seemed to embody the Christian ideals which were his central concern.

The very length of his service and leadership heightened their impressiveness. His brother ministers often sought his helpful advice, which in their case as in that of others seemed given in complete self-forgetfulness, having regard solely to their welfare and the general good. He was moderator of the Presbyterian and Congregational Convention of Wisconsin in 1854, and the state work always claimed his coöperation and counsel. In 1866 he was elected a trustee of Beloit College, and was deeply interested in its affairs to the end of his life. He served as a corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions from 1881 to 1899, attending its annual meeting whenever possible and warmly concerned with the advancement of its work. He received in 1883 the degree Doctor of Divinity from Beloit College.

The sermons for his Sunday morning services were always carefully studied, written out in full, and read from the pulpit. They were the characteristic product of his disciplined mind, his spiritual conceptions of truth, his literary taste and his ever-present desire for the Christian upbuilding of his people. While of conservative temperament, his training and his sympathies united to dispose

him to "new school" theology and rendered him hospitable to fresh statements of Christian truth. In the early years of his ministry he found congenial stimulus in the writings of Horace Bushnell who was a student at Yale some years before him; in his later ministry he specially enjoyed and was influenced by the sermons of Phillips Brooks. His preaching, while not brilliant, was educative for both mind and heart; and it was not uncommon for parishioners of his who removed from Lancaster to say in later years, "I wish I might hear one of Dr. Eaton's sermons again. I don't hear preaching like his." Religious services conducted by him were elevated and churchly in character, with something of the quality of a liturgy, though never stereotyped in form. They were evidently carefully prepared, never left to extemporaneous impulse.

X

The ministry in their parish and far beyond its bounds was beautifully rounded to completeness by the minister's wife. Her vivacity, her universal sympathies, her social enthusiasm filled their united service with an atmosphere of joyous helpfulness, whose charm was felt by all who came within its influence.

Never in all the years did anyone hear from her

a critical word regarding any human being. She always saw and rejoiced in the best there was in everyone, and she drew a veil of considerate silence over undesirable qualities or acts. High and sensitive as her standards of conduct were, her spirit of loving charity seemed to mantle even the wrongdoer. If she could say nothing good of one she would rather hold her peace.

She saw the beauty latent in every child, the vital possibilities in every youth, the nobility of service in every toiler, the dignity inherent in the aged. Her tears flowed with those of the sorrowing, while her buoyant faith lifted their hearts to the life beyond. No wonder her husband always arranged to have her, if possible, accompany him in his pastoral visits, and no wonder the thought of her dwelt like sunshine in the hearts of those who had ever known her. Her venerable father passed his last years in her home — he died at the age of ninety — supremely content to be within constant reach of the solicitous affection of this beloved daughter from whom for so many years he had been separated by a thousand miles.

Her many letters to absent friends and former parishioners, to children and grandchildren, were always hailed as choice gifts, and the reader's eye would dwell lovingly upon the pages, which though rapidly penned, had almost the appearance of

engraved script, while through the outward form throbbed the heart and shone the smile of the writer beloved.

For a period of ten years her responsibilities as president of the Wisconsin Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior occasioned much correspondence and some journeying and speaking. Referring recently to this service the president of an affiliated organization quoted another as saying, "No one who ever saw Mrs. Eaton could forget her queenly gracious bearing"; and added "For myself I seem to see the radiant smile that reflected the radiant life. With such leadership of course the Branch grew in membership and power."

Her face at the communion service was like that of one on the Mount of Transfiguration. To hear and see her sing seemed almost to be in the presence of a Saint Catherine, rapt in mystical union with her Saviour, or a Saint Cecilia, drawing from the keys of the organ the harmonies of heaven.

XI

In the early 1880's Dr. Eaton proposed to bring his long pastorate to a close; but his people protested so vigorously that he said, "I will complete forty years from the time of my first coming to you; but then I shall insist upon going." In 1886

this limit was reached and his purpose to terminate the pastorate was adhered to. It was a severe ordeal for both people and pastor and most of all for the pastor's wife, who had builded her life so absolutely into the life of the loved parish. With expressions of deepest affection on both sides, the separation took place. Dr. Eaton said later to me, "I have no lingering regrets over the change; nothing but thankfulness that the forty years have been thus rounded out."

There was no thought of anything but further years of service in a less responsible pastorate. Among openings for such service, choice was made of the little church in Roscoe, Illinois, because it was only six miles from Beloit, which had become a new center of family life and interest. On their way from Lancaster to Roscoe they stopped in Beloit to attend the inauguration of their son Edward as President of the college. The marriage of this son to Martha E. Barber, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Allen Barber, who had been her father's comrade during his winters in Congress, was a uniting of the two families which was a continual joy to Dr. and Mrs. Eaton. For seventeen beautiful years Roscoe and Beloit were twin centers of their activities, while their intense interest embraced the dear Lancaster people; Mexico, where their son, James Demarest Eaton, D.D.,

and his wife were leading in a statesmanlike work of thirty full years in Chihuahua, for our neighbor republic; Newton, Massachusetts, where the Yale son, Samuel Lewis, has been an honored physician for a still longer period; and Des Moines, Iowa, where the youngest son, Charles Woodhull, also a physician, held for nearly thirty years a secure place in the affections of patients and friends; while the outreach of their loyal devotion to the kingdom of the Spirit gave them a sense of citizenship in all lands of the earth as provinces of the kingdom of Christ.

Nothing in the village of Roscoe seemed small to these large-hearted lovers of humanity. Throwing themselves with ardor into this new work, they received the enthusiastic devotion of their people, grateful for such spiritual leadership and proud to claim such honored leaders as their own. The six miles between the Roscoe parsonage and the president's house in Beloit were frequently traversed in both directions. It was an incalculable privilege for the grandchildren to have the lives of such grandparents inwrought into their growing years; the very word Roscoe became a symbol of the heart. When their parents were called to go to China for several months on a visitation of mission and educational work, acceptance of this responsibility was made practicable by the grandparents

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moving into the Beloit home for these months, where their ministry to the grandchildren was shared by the other beloved grandmother, Mrs. Barber.

Throughout the seventeen years in Roscoe it was the pastor's increasing joy to witness and share in the development of Beloit College, which had been one of his major interests since he first came to the West. During this period building after building rose upon its campus and endowment was added to endowment; a distinguished board of trustees was assembled to give strength and momentum to the development of the college; the number of students multiplied, courses of study were expanded and enriched with broad electives; the noble "Old Guard" of the college were reinforced by a greatly enlarged faculty, including talented alumni who had made their mark in graduate work and in teaching; and a rapidly increasing body of alumni, and later of alumnae also, enhanced the already high reputation of the institution, and the value of its service throughout the country and around the world. Thus the veteran trustee had the joy of seeing the progressive fulfilment of the hopes of his youth regarding the destiny of the college, while his fellowship and counsel were a constant source of strength to his son as its president.

At one time the veteran pastor's strength seemed failing; but by adopting resolutely a daily regimen of horseback riding, which had been highly beneficial during his chaplaincy in the army, he won back a measure of health for several years more of work. The golden wedding in the lovely Maytime of 1897 sounded a major chord in the symphony of these lives. The four sons, with the daughters-in-law Gertrude and Martha and eight grandchildren, gathered in the Roscoe parsonage and church. Lieutenant-Governor Ryland brought the greetings and gifts of the Lancaster people. The Roscoe ladies spread a feast in the church, where the tables were shining with countless golden-hued tulips. Each of the sons voiced his tribute of memory and homage. The bridegroom gave glimpses of courtship days and of the beautiful years, and the beloved bride spoke and smiled the fullness of her heart.[6]

Mrs. Eaton still played in church, at least a part of the time. It was during their absence on a delightful journey to the home of the son in Mexico that, as I was preaching for father one Sunday, I suggested an unfamiliar hymn to the chorister, and met the response, "I would feel safer to try that tune if Mrs. Eaton were here." About the time of the golden wedding a stranger, who was present at a funeral where Mrs. Eaton sang,

remarked to a friend, "If I could hear that lady sing every Sunday, it would make a better man of me." Thus even in the later years the ministry of the voice in song continued its beautiful service.

XII

Dr. and Mrs. Eaton had shared in 1892 the delightful experiences of the reunion of his class in New Haven on the fiftieth anniversary of graduation from Yale. In 1901 they made their last happy journey together to the eastern scenes and friends, closing with attendance at the Yale Bicentennial in October, where Dr. Eaton shared the academic procession with his son the Beloit president, who was a graduate of Yale Divinity School, and his grandson Allen, who was then studying at Yale for his master's degree.

In 1902 Dr. Eaton's vitality suddenly ebbed and it became evident that his long active ministry was ended. Their people still clung to them, however, and when the pastor felt that he must resign, the people insisted that they occupy the parsonage one more winter for the benediction of their presence in the community. During one of our frequent hours in the Roscoe parsonage we protested at the amount of pastoral work which the wife was still engaged in. "Oh," she replied,

with her illuminating smile, "Samuel has resigned, but I've not resigned!"

The following year the Beloit family insisted upon claiming them, hoping that it might be for not a few precious years. But the closing strains of the rare symphony were nearer than we thought. Early in 1904 the wife, who in her eightieth year was unwearying in her ministrations to her husband, and counted, as she said to a friend but a week before she was called away, upon "living to see him all through," showed a slight indisposition and then signs of an imperfectly developed pneumonia. Confined to her room for three or four days, sitting in her chair a part of each day, her loved ones about her, including Doctor Charles who had been telegraphed to come from Des Moines, she gently passed to the eternal music.

A beautiful service was held in the college chapel, with music by the full college choir to which she had often listened with delight. The son Charles remained with his father, whose strength did not seem equal to the journey to Lancaster. During the evening before the burial in Hillside Cemetery in Lancaster, where she had so often comforted the sorrowing, Judge and Mrs. John G. Clark came to see us in the home of lifelong friends, Captain and Mrs. Charles H. Baxter, where Martha and I were guests for the night and where the beloved

form was reposing. The Judge related how, over fifty years before, he had come to Lancaster to collect his pay for surveying. An acquaintance persuaded him to attend a social gathering of the church. There young Mrs. Eaton played and sang. The shy young surveyor in deerskin leggings was introduced to her. He said, "She treated me as if I were a prince. I lost my heart to her at once; and she has had my homage ever since."

In the *Advance*, Chicago, April 7, 1904, appeared this sonnet by Rev. John Nelson Davidson, of Madison, Wisconsin, a son of Grant County.

IN MEMORY OF
MRS. CATHARINE DEMAREST EATON

As one who passing by some hallowed shrine
  Hears voice of song and utterance of prayer,
  And knows some soul hath felt its weight of care
Or burden of its sin, by touch divine
Removed; so have I known that life of thine;
  Thy home a temple, thou a priestess there;
  Thy voice that made melodious the air
In blessing hearts, hath oft, far heard, blessed mine.
Brave-hearted singer in heroic days,
  Thy life was purpose set to melody!
Wife, mother, friend, thy character displays
  The impress that on Mary's soul we see.
Thou wilt not blush now at our words of praise,
  Our tribute hath its truth, its worth from thee.

In the summer of that year Dr. Eaton accompanied us to the East to visit his son Lewis and family. "This is my native state," he said with quiet enthusiasm as we crossed the border of Massachusetts. He had intended to return with us in a few weeks; but when autumn came his strength was found insufficient for the journey and his remaining months were passed in the son's home in Newton, where with every ministration of medical care and filial affection he tranquilly awaited the earthly parting and the heavenly reunion. The presence and fellowship of his loved sister Rebecca, who came to be with him throughout these months, was greatly prized.

During the holidays I made the journey to the East to have a few days with him. He was then too weak to be dressed, but was fully calm and self-possessed. He loved to have me read again and again to him, especially poems of Whittier, such as "Immortal Love, forever full, forever flowing free," and "When on my day of life the night is falling." Referring to Tennyson's verses he said, with a quiet smile, "I hope to have my Pilot by my side, *while* I am crossing the bar."

One evening in the late winter the nurse asked "Who is Catharine, of whom he is speaking, and who is Judge Mills? A change seems coming." In the morning, February 9, 1905, the change had

peacefully come. The mortal had put on immortality. Had any of his old parishioners been at his bedside, it might well be that there would have come into their mind lines which their pastor was fond of quoting, the spirit of which had been in his daily life:

"So live that when the mighty caravan
That halts one nighttime in the vale of death
Shall strike its white tents for the morning march,
Thou shalt mount onward to the eternal hills,
Thy step unwearied, and thy strength renewed
Like the strong eagle for the upward flight."

In mid-February, 1905, a great snowstorm held Wisconsin in its grip for several days. It took us from Monday morning to Saturday evening to accomplish the railway journey, about one hundred and thirty-five miles each way, from Beloit to Lancaster and back. There seemed poetic fitness in it that this soldier of the Cross, who had braved the storms of pioneer times and the graver stress of war, should win home in a tumult of the elements to his quiet resting place among his own people and beside his beloved wife. Theirs, we love to think, is the rest supernal and joyous service forever.

NOTES AND ADDENDA

Note 1, page 5. The surname Eaton, Eton, Eyton, borne by many families in England, not unknown in Ireland and Wales, and in the first spelling widely distributed throughout the North American continent, is derived from the Old English roots *ea*, river, stream, and *tun*, meaning primarily an inclosed piece of ground, from which it came to mean "inclosed land with dwellings on it, estate, manor, vill, village." Thus Eaton as a place-name designated an estate, manor, or village near a stream or river, and as a surname was given the owner of such an estate and his family when surnames were invented in addition to Christian names to identify families. This statement is made by Dr. Arthur Wentworth H. Eaton, in his "Eaton Families of Nova Scotia," 1929, following several English authorities, among them Allen Mawer, "The Chief Elements used in English Place-Names," Cambridge University Press, 1924.

In the great Puritan migration from England in the seventeenth century, five founders of Eaton families came to Massachusetts; there came also Governor Theophilus Eaton of the New Haven Colony and his two brothers.

Note 2, page 11. In the summer of 1864 there was wide disaffection toward the Administration at Washington, and even staunch Unionists doubted whether President Lincoln were the man to lead the nation to a

satisfactory conclusion of the war which, now in its fourth year, was still being fiercely waged. Judge Mills shared these misgivings. In the autumn of that year he made a journey to the East, sending back characteristic letters to the *Grant County Herald* at Lancaster. When he reached Washington the government forces guarding the national capital were under the command of Brigadier-General John B. Callis, who had volunteered at Lancaster at the opening of the war, and commanded the Seventh Wisconsin Regiment at Gettysburg, where he was promoted for gallantry on the field. Callis secured for Mills an interview with Lincoln. Here were two able men, of somewhat similar antecedents, both profoundly concerned over the preservation of the Union. Their intimate conversation gave the Judge a new realization of the ability and character of the President and a dominating admiration for him. In a long letter to the *Herald* he gave a detailed and graphic report of this conversation which at once awakened interest in the East. *Harper's Weekly*, at that time probably the leading non-political periodical in the country, published the letter in full; it was reprinted as a campaign document, and a million copies of it were circulated throughout the North with marked effect. Thus an unknown judge from a western community exerted a not unimportant influence in the reëlection of Lincoln and the preservation of our country.

Note 3, page 13. Dr. Demarest's father, John Demarest, while a lad living in New Jersey during the Revolutionary War, was carried off by a Hessian trooper. The boy observed that the horseman was unsteadied by liquor; while they were fording a stream he reached

down and gave a pull to the trooper's foot which unhorsed him and he fell into the water. John seized the rein, turned the horse about and galloped home. As the Hessian never appeared to claim his property, the horse remained in the boy's possession. In the saddlebags was found a goodly supply of King George's gold, which helped the boy secure an education in preparation for the ministry of the Reformed Church.

Retiring at the close of his service in the ministry Rev. John Demarest bought a farm near Tappan, New York, on which had been buried the body of Major John André after his execution as a British spy. In 1821 the British Government obtained permission to remove the body of Major André for interment in Westminster Abbey. A British man-of-war, with the Duke of York, uncle of Queen Victoria, on board, sailed up the Hudson for the purpose. Mr. Demarest's courtesies and coöperation in the disinterment of the body of the unfortunate officer were recognized by the gift of a gold-lined snuff-box; on the inside of the lid was inscribed: "From his Royal Highness the Duke of York, to mark his sense of the Rev. John Demarest's liberal attention upon the occasion of the removal of the remains of the late Major John André, at Tappan, on the 10th of August, 1821." —"Manual of the Reformed Church in America," by E. T. Corwin, D.D., third edition, 1879. Appleton's "Cyclopedia of American Biography."

Note 4, page 24. The following is the letter from the colonel of the Seventh Wisconsin Volunteers:

Sparta, Wisconsin, July 23, 1865.

Rev. S. W. Eaton, Late Chaplain of
Seventh Wisconsin Veteran Volunteers,
Lancaster, Wisconsin.

My Very Dear Friend:

I should not feel my duty as a soldier ended, did I not acknowledge your services while connected with the army.

You entered the service as chaplain of the Seventh Wisconsin Volunteers in July, 1862, in which capacity you served until the services of the regiment were no longer needed, when with it you were honorably mustered out of the service. I take great pleasure in being able to acknowledge that during your long continuance with the army at no time has either officer or man had occasion to speak ill of you. At all times and under all circumstances you have maintained that high Christian character that has won for you the respect and esteem of all your associates for the cause you advocate, a living example of Christian consistency.

Your example and influence have done much to shape and maintain the morale of the command, and have been to me of untold worth in the discipline of the command, while I feel my inability to express in befitting words the extent of the moral value of your Christian example and service upon the command. I am totally lost to language when I refer to your services in the trying hour of battle, as you stood among the dead, the dying, the sick and wounded, when for tedious days and sleepless nights, with ready hands and willing heart you

ministered to their wants, to the dead you gave the last tribute, with the dying you watched and prayed until with them time was veiled in obscurity. The sick man found in you his best friend, to the wounded you spoke words of cheer and comfort, administering to their wants.

As your duties either in camp or in field have been arduous, so have you been attentive. You have been a conscientious servant of your God, your fellowman and the Government. Heaven, who alone knows the full worth of your labors, reward you. Be assured you bear with you to your friends and little flock in civil life, the highest regards, the good will and blessing of every officer and man of the regiment.

In their name I thank you for your services. To your church who have so patiently watched for the coming of peace and their pastor, in my name and in the name of the officers of the regiment extend to them our sincere thanks. After the first day of September my next postoffice address will be in Baltimore, Md. Please extend my regards to your family and to enquiring friends.

With kind wishes for your health and happiness, I subscribe myself, your friend,

(*Signed*) H. Richardson.

Note 5, page 28. During the early seventies there was erected by the Congregational Church a new house of worship of dignified architecture, on the corner of the courthouse square at the center of the community, a crowning achievement of pastor and people.

Note 6, page 36. The following letter was received by Dr. Eaton a few days after the golden wedding:

Coon & Bruce
General Insurance Agents
Merrill, Wisconsin

May 22, 1897.

Rev. S. W. Eaton,
Roscoe, Illinois.

My Dear Friend:

You doubtless have forgotten me, but so long as I live and am in my right mind I never expect to forget you. Can you call to mind the little orderly and lieutenant of Company K, whom you hunted out at Gettysburg and furnished the money for him to get to a suitable place in a private family where he could be comfortable, as comfortable as possible, on account of the serious wound through the left lung; how you afterward helped him to get to Baltimore? If you have forgotten it, I assure you I have not.

Do you remember W. H. Barnum of the same company, wounded in the bowels, at the same place? A circumstance connected with him at that time may be of interest to you. Before I went to Baltimore, I saw him and had a talk with him. He knew he had to die, and he was loath to go and envied me my chance for life. He said, "John, you are going home. You will see your folks, while I have got to die. It is hard to die so young. Life is sweet, but this little book had taken away all fear of death." He took from under his pillow the Testament which you had given him. "When you go home," he said, "find my mother and tell her of this,

tell her that I have made my peace with God and hope to meet her in Heaven."

I knew the history of that little Testament. Many a time I had been called into his tent to explain some point which he could not understand. I had been brought up under pious parents, and while able to help him on his way, was myself perfectly indifferent. How little we realize our most simple actions may be the weal or woe of our fellows.

Allow me, my dear old friend, to join with the numerous others, who although in advance are not more sincere, in congratulating you on this most joyous occasion; and do sincerely wish you a pleasant journey down to the time when you shall hear the welcome "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of your Lord."

Yours with deep and sincere love,

John W. Bruce,
Formerly Second Lieutenant Company K,
Seventh Wisconsin Volunteers.

TRIBUTE OF JUDGE GEORGE CLEMENTSON, LL.D. AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE IN LANCASTER

I deem it a privilege upon this occasion to be permitted to say a few words concerning our old pastor, before we shall lay to rest his mortal remains in our cemetery on yonder hill, by the side of his beloved wife, and where so many whom he loved and who loved him sleep their last sleep.

It would be his desire and it is the wish of his sons who are here with us that this service should be simple and that nothing should be said that could justly be termed laudatory. Mr. Eaton was honest not only in his acts and words but also in his thoughts; and it would ill comport with his memory that anything should be said of him that was not heartfelt and true. Yet I realize and so do you who knew him, that words may be spoken in describing his character that would be but honest and just, which if applied to another would be exaggeration.

Though he was a man of much natural ability and of fine attainments he was as modest as a maiden. He was charitable in thought as well as deed, always kind and courteous; never I believe in his whole life did he consciously hurt the feelings of anyone. He never contradicted in the direct sense of the term. By this I by no means wish to imply that he did not firmly stand up for the right, for he had a high sense of duty and did it under all circumstances unflinchingly. What I mean is that if he differed with you as to a proposition or argument advanced he did not abruptly say so, but by way of courteous suggestion presented his views for your

consideration. But why should I particularize, when I feel that I can say with emphasis that he was the finest Christian gentleman I ever knew; and I am confident that all of you who were in Lancaster when he lived among us will join with me in this sentiment.

It was my privilege for many years to attend this church while Mr. Eaton was its pastor, and to listen to his sermons. The thoughts he expressed were always elevating and beneficial, and his very presence in the pulpit inspired to a purer life. His written discourses were beautiful in diction, he never used a cant phrase, his style was always pure. He appealed but little to the emotions, preferring to produce, if he might, the more lasting effects of spiritual conviction. His figures of speech were always appropriate, but he did not indulge in extended rhetorical flights. Mr. Eaton was not a ready extemporaneous speaker. He was not an orator, he never for a moment assumed to be; but he had in marked degree one qualification for successful public speaking which Quintilian said every orator must possess — character.

It was Mr. Eaton's character, the life he led, that gave weight to all he said. I suppose that if all of the sayings of Jesus, of which we have record, were placed together and read consecutively, they would occupy but little if any more time than an ordinary sermon. It was not alone what He said that convinced his disciples of his divinity; it was as much or more the life He lived in His three years' ministry by lake and river and among the hills and vales of Palestine that caused them to say, "Truly this is the Son of God." It is the influence of that life that has turned men to righteousness and is the great elevating force in the world today.

It was the daily life of Mr. Eaton that made his very presence a sermon, that influenced those who knew him, more than mere words could, to do good and forsake evil.

Senator Baxter has just now finely portrayed to you the service that Mr. Eaton patriotically gave to his country as chaplain of the Seventh Wisconsin during the Civil War. There were other contests during the eventful period of his life than those upon the martial field, to which he gave his earnest thought and his best endeavor. During his life science made wonderful advances. . . . I know that the seeming contest between science and religion earnestly occupied Mr. Eaton's thoughts. He searched after truth with honest mind, and anything that to his judgment was established as true he accepted, confident that each truth must accord with every other truth, and that all men would come to know that God ruled the universe. . . . To him the Master who walked the earth two thousand years ago was indeed the Son of God, his words were verities, his promises would be fulfilled. This faith and this hope sustained him through all his life. I am told that during the weeks and months that he lay helpless upon the bed from which he knew he was not to arise, his beautiful Christian character shone forth as never before, his consideration for others was never more manifest. His patience was exemplary, his faith was undimmed and his hope shone forth brightly. So passed his closing days; and when his time had come God's finger touched him and he departed. He did not die. The Father whom throughout a long life he had so faithfully served called him home to his reward.

EXTRACT FROM A TRIBUTE
BY HOMER W. CARTER, D.D.

SUPERINTENDENT OF CONGREGATIONAL WORK IN WISCONSIN

In The Congregationalist, Boston, March 11, 1905

". . . For forty years they lived and served for one of the most remarkable of pastorates, followed by another notable pastorate of sixteen years. In the 'Iron Brigade' he won distinction, 1862–65, for bravery and devotion to the soldiers, whose affection for him was unbounded. In local and state gatherings he was recognized as a wise leader, never self-assertive, but always with a marked influence for harmony and spiritual aggressiveness. Dr. Eaton was a rare combination of sweetness and strength, modest, charitable, genial, lovable and noble."

EXTRACT FROM A LETTER
FROM THOMAS DAVIDSON CHRISTIE, LL.D.

PRESIDENT OF ST. PAUL'S COLLEGE
TARSUS ASIA, MINOR

"A more lovable man than Dr. Eaton I have never known. He was a man of solid attainments, of commanding powers; but I remember him most for his gentleness and modesty. Having been myself a soldier, I loved him for what he did for the men of the old Iron Brigade. Farewell, for a time, to that brave, true, loving spirit!"